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CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," &c., AND BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," &c.

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## RISEING YOUNG MEN.

ALL the little books which profess to give advice to young people—the Fathers' Legacies, and Mothers' Gifts, and so forth—invariably inculcate the propriety of keeping company with persons older and better informed than one's self; never reflecting upon the fact that, though it may be advantageous for a raw lad to be trying to pick up some crumbs of wisdom from his seniors, the said seniors must in general feel a good deal put about, by having the said raw lad constantly thrusting his soft bread-and-butter face into their society, questioning them upon this commonplace and that commonplace, memoranduming every trivial observation they may make, and perhaps disturbing conversations which they are enjoying, or preventing others which they might enjoy, with their own intellectual equals. In the same manner, we have it as an established maxim, that we should always associate as much as possible with people a little more exalted than ourselves—always *brizsing gont*,\* as a Scotchman would say—so that we may have a chance of improving our circumstances; no one ever apparently considering that, if all were set upon colloquing with their betters, no one would colleague with any body, seeing that every one whose company was sought by an inferior would have his attention too exclusively engaged upon his own superior, to allow any share of it to the claimant; and this all along the ladder of this world. Such aphorisms, like every other principle not founded on views of universal justice and convenience, come to nothing, and are indeed disregarded in practice even by those who may occasionally have them upon their tongues.

In reality, nothing can be more vain or absurd than the efforts which many men, especially young men, are daily seen making to advance a little more rapidly towards station and repute than natural circumstances will admit of. It may be safely laid down as an invariable rule, that nothing but the actual personal merit, or the actual possession of fortune, will suffice to procure a real elevation. Quackish pretensions to the one, and empty appearances of the other, altogether fail, or rather are apt to produce the contrary effect. With these truths, nevertheless, written on the very front of society, there is in every community a class of persons who regularly take every mean and oblique expedient for pushing themselves forward, mispending, perhaps, upon such efforts, abilities, qualities, and resources, which, if fairly dealt with, would be almost sure to gain that object which is otherwise perpetually flying from their grasp.

The plans taken by this class for getting on, as they call it, in the world, are very numerous and very various. One grand general object is to assume as many as possible of the *semblances* of elevation. They dress, house themselves, and as far as possible live, in the same manner as the people with whom they wish to be confounded. To manage these matters, much real suffering is often incurred; but all is endured without a wince, in the hope that the simulation will be successful. What is rather worse, many obligations are thus, in many instances, contracted, which, leading straightforward to disgrace, baulk the design long before it is ripe. Another plan, one very much a favourite with young professional persons, is to join

certain societies and clubs, in which they have a chance of meeting individuals of longer standing, upon whom they may thrust their acquaintance. They think that merely to know such persons, to have it in their power to say that they know them, and to be seen occasionally with them in public, are so much fortune and so much advancement actually attained: if they can get a man of some note to break bread in their house, they are transported; one of their last guineas may well be spent that night in claret, for next day thousands must be poured in upon them as a natural consequence of the presence of such a guest. Men of good standing often find themselves become objects of something like persecution to rising young men. Like Roderick Random in search of the place in the apothecary's shop, these keen lads will rush in upon them at the most inauspicious and improper hours—will run half a mile along a street to overtake and have a lounge with them, and seize every opportunity of speaking and writing of them as their friends. In all probability, the man of standing looks upon his persecutor as simply an annoyance, and is only prevented by good nature or the courtesies of society from whipping him away from the back of his chariot; but common civility is set down by the rising young man as veritable friendship, and a nod is as good as a wink in encouraging him in his career of botheration. As a cloud with no electricity in it, by rubbing shoulders with one which has, draws out as much as makes it equal with its neighbour, so he thinks that, by associating with the man of wealth and fame, he may participate with him in those advantages—as if a man divided his fortune with his guests every afternoon, or as if the public, which confers the reputation, were likely to extend it to every one who happened to shake hands with the principal.

The rising young man sometimes contrives to render the public service conducive, as he thinks, to his great aims. He manages, by a chain of devices, by making himself useful here and important there, to gain some humble public honour or office, and this he forthwith endeavours to turn to account for the trumpeting of his name and the increase of his business. Wherever he can put himself under the observation of his fellow-citizens, he does so, often in no very creditable manner, for he is seldom very scrupulous, and notoriety is often mistaken by him for fame. Politics he also cultivates as a means of pushing himself forward: having chosen the party which he thinks most likely to be of service to him, he thrusts himself in wherever he can, siddles into this committee, and squeezes into that deputation, conceiving all the time that the acquaintance which he thus forms with a few eminent and wealthy persons is the same thing as becoming himself a man of eminence and wealth. To support a baronet in the chair at a public dinner, and have that circumstance mentioned in the newspapers, appears to him as good as three new customers every day for a fortnight; and to second the motion made by a scion of nobility, fills him with visions of bank-credit that will never be extended to him, and fees that will never be paid.

In truth, these expedients are rarely or never successful in bringing about the ends contemplated. The individuals who practise them generally think for a while that they have found a way of cheating the world, and doing that by a little finesse which others can only do by hard labour. But the world is never cheated, however much it may seem to be so. The men whose acquaintance and patronage is aimed at, may be very civil; but probably they are all the time regarding the claimant with secret suspicion, and

forming resolutions not to be deceived by him. Nor does the world fly to bestow its profits and honours upon him who only shows a tolerable coat on his back, and talks of being hand-in-glove with those whom it has already honoured and enriched. It must be convinced by actual observation that merit and ability are there, and that it will there obtain a fair return for what it pays, before it confers the employment that is sought. A pound of sugar is not improved, either to the eye or the palate, because the grocer is a small public functionary; nor will a litigant choose a lawyer with a reference to the great people with whom he dines. In short, the world is not nearly so apt to be imposed upon by glitter as many people think; and though sometimes slow to discover real worth, it is seldom long in penetrating hollow pretensions.

While the unduly eager aspirant is thus sure of defeat in the demands he makes upon his superiors, he is equally sure of procuring ridicule and scorn among those whom he pretends to leave behind him. The former avert their faces from him, and give none of the favour—no real favour at least—which he desires: the latter, on the other hand, only get a ludicrous back view of him, as he struggles and pants up the path before them, laugh at every false step he makes, and, finally, when he sinks back, repulsed by fortune, triumph in his fall. Much merit and utility are thus lost to the world; for, though unfit for what they aim at, such persons might be fit for something else. We are inclined to attribute the mischief in no inconsiderable degree to false aphorisms, such as those alluded to at the beginning of this article. As another example, almost all parents act upon a regular and unquestioned maxim, that it is good to send children to a large public school, because they may there form friendships with youths of superior fortune, who may be of service to them in life. Nothing could be more apt to lead to fatal results. There is no comfort or profit in unequal alliances of *any kind*, and as little in this as in any. It should be impressed on all young persons, that the only sure way to rise is to exemplify the real merit, and do the actual work, which, by benefiting the world, may fairly expect its benefits in return. Every undue attempt to make these *tell* more immediately upon it, or to do without them, will only tend to retrogression.

While we thus point out the futility of undue attempts on the part of the young to force upwards, we are not insensible that the already elevated are often blameable for their neglect of, or undue attempts to keep down, the aspiring. In reality, the elevated are as little able to raise unqualified aspirants by any show of favour or countenance, as unqualified aspirants are to raise themselves by merely consorting with the elevated. But the latter ought, for their own sake, to beware of ever acting ungraciously towards young persons who may appear to be really possessed of merit, or even likely at some distant period to take that aspect. Such behaviour is sure to be attributed by all who know of the circumstances to the most unworthy feelings, and to redound equally to the discredit of him who is guilty of it, and to the elevation of the injured party—the latter gaining way, not by his own deserts, but at the expense of his injurer. Hostilities, moreover, are thus raised, which, though not very grievous in their operation at the time, constantly increase in effect as the aspirant moves upwards. Many a man has thus forfeited a friendship which might have tended much to his comfort, and even to the increase of his own consideration in the world, and raised to himself enemies whom he never afterwards could appease. Good feeling and personal interest alike point

\* An ancestor of the Marquis of Breadalbane, who planted his castle of Balloch (now Taymouth) on the verge of a seventy-mile-long estate, was asked the reason of such a strange whim: "We'll brizs yont," answered the sagacious noble, who contemplated making that which was the extremity eventually the centre of his property.

out that a mild and encouraging demeanour ought to be shown to the young, wherever they are seen to manifest estimable or even promising qualities, and when their suit is not pressed with any indiscreet vehemence.

### HOW SHALL WE BE BETTER?

#### SECOND ARTICLE.

In the first article under this title, which appeared in the 137th number of the *Journal*, an endeavour was made to impress this truth—that the worldly condition of men might be much bettered, and was designed to be bettered, by their following out the cultivation of their natural powers and capabilities, so as to realise more of the bounties of material nature, and to live more agreeably one with another. It was shown that men are as yet only advancing to a foretaste of the happiness which they might thus, in obedience to the decrees of Providence, create for themselves, and that the means in existence for accomplishing it are very imperfect and very blindly used. It is now our duty to point out such methods as seem to us most proper theoretically, and most readily practicable, for improving these means; not vainly insisting upon a plan which men at large would pronounce too extensively innovatory, and pass from in despair, but contenting ourselves rather with hints for the increase and progressive modification of means already in use.

Education is of three kinds—Physical, Moral, and Intellectual—and all three, to a certain extent, advance at the same time. Physical education instructs in the means of preserving the health of and increasing those bodily powers, without which being in a vigorous and sound state, the intellectual powers are dimmed and diminished, and life embittered. The object of moral education is to improve by exercise, and fix into habit, the higher and purer dispositions, and to moderate and subject to reason those which are of a less decidedly beneficial tendency. Intellectual education imparts knowledge and improves the powers of reflection.

All three kinds of education commence in the nursery. The habits conducive to cleanliness which the nurse impresses upon the child are its first lessons in physical education; the approbation she bestows on good, and the reprobation with which she visits bad actions, lay the grounds of moral education; and she commences intellectual education when she endeavours to make the distinction between cleanly and uncleanly habits, good and bad actions, perceptible to the understanding, and retainable by the memory of the child. Moral education, however, depends so peculiarly upon exercise and habit, that it can be prosecuted to a greater extent in infancy than any of the other two branches. We shall therefore first consider how moral education ought to be conducted.

The human being is found, at the very dawn of intelligence, to have tendencies of various kinds, some requiring to be encouraged and rendered habitual, and others which, for his own comfort and that of his fellow-creatures, must be kept in subjection. The latter seem by far the more ready to be developed. The infant will show a disposition to beat and rob his neighbour, will be insolent, greedy, cruel, and violent, before he will manifest any of the better dispositions, with the exception perhaps of an affectionateness (rather an instinct than a sentiment) towards those from whom he is accustomed to receive benefits. The first business, then, of education, is to check and put under habitual subjection all the former dispositions, and to draw forth and put into habitual exercise all that are opposite, such as kindness, justice, and self-denial. "Crying is the means by which, in earliest infancy, pain, uneasiness, or hunger, and afterwards the wish for an object, and anger at being deprived of a source of amusement, are expressed; but when the child has learned to make other sounds, when it has acquired the many little actions which need not be described to the tender mother, but which are ever a source of deep interest (inasmuch as they are the signs which tell of the gradual development of the imitative powers, and consequently indicate the existence of intellect), it would be easy to accustom the child to make known its wishes by the use of these sounds and actions. When this power is acquired, the infant should never be allowed to obtain its object by crying; and, if never gratified in its desires when so signified, it will soon cease to express them in this way. The great difficulty is to convince the child's understanding, when the wished-for object is an improper toy. We would recommend the substitution of some other plaything, and, in the early stages of discipline, the removal of the source of temptation entirely out of sight: if the child refuses the substitute (which rarely happens at a tender age, because the impressions on the mind are then slight and easily removed), the mother or nurse will manifest by voice or countenance that she is grieved or displeased; will remove the child into another room; will seek, by every means short of violence or weak persuasion, to remove the improper

ideas which have taken possession of the mind. Very young children have no words, neither can they altogether comprehend them; and until they have acquired the power of understanding speech, they must be taught by actions."

From this point the nurse must proceed, step by step, until she makes her pupil know, by repeated experience, that he is not to obey every first impulse, and that self-control, a thing which even an infant can comprehend, is necessary to his own comfort. Example will go a great way in communicating both good and bad habits to children; and it is required of those who undertake the duty of infantine education, that they should learn to know themselves, and command themselves. An angry look, a violent action, an overhasty word, will undo hours of advice upon the necessity of a well-regulated temper; unreasonableness, irregularity, insincerity, and indolence of mind and body, will overturn precepts, however well worded and judiciously expressed. There may be differences in the tempers of children, and variations may therefore be required in the mode of treatment. But "one invariable rule may be laid down, that the parent, in endeavoring to check the propensities of the child, can never succeed without uniformity of conduct, and kindness of manner joined to firmness of purpose. It is of the highest consequence, that, while we are gaining an ascendancy over the minds of our children, we do not lose our hold upon their affections. If she to whom the child looks for its comforts, its necessities, and its pleasures, firmly but gently resist violence, clothes her refusal in kind accents, and manifests grief more than anger in administering correction, better moral results may assuredly be expected, than from senseless indulgence, capricious refusals, followed by permissions just as capricious, and angry punishments administered without reflection, without reason, and without temper. And do we not find that the weak indulgence which knows not how to refuse, is generally accompanied by the contrary extreme of violent and injudicious correction?"

"When the child has attained the power to speak and to comprehend language, the parent's task is become both lighter and heavier—lighter, because the facilities of reasoning and explanation are afforded; heavier, because the temptations of the child are increased.

And as to the use of language, the child must be addressed in its own words. The mother must herself return to the simplicity of childhood. She must not altogether put away childish things. Her sympathy in grief and in pleasure, in hope and in joy, in amusement and in learning, is quite as necessary, and perhaps more influential than her authority; and even this must be expressed without the inaccuracies of infantine language, but with all its simplicity. We cannot relish what we do not understand; it would be hard if we were expected to act upon advice or instruction given in an incomprehensible tongue; many an unfortunate child is addressed in terms which are to it wholly unintelligible. It seldom happens that the reason of children cannot be addressed; the difficulty lies not in them, but in ourselves; not in the thing, but in the mode of expressing it. We forget the many links in the long chain which connects our early perceptions with our subsequent acquirements; but in order effectually to employ our experience in the education of others, we must retrace our steps, and become young again in word, not in deed—in feeling, not in action.

Another important duty is to provide such means of amusement, that no temptation to what is called mischief may ensue. All healthy children will be occupied, and if occupation is not found for them, they will find it for themselves. The love of construction and destruction abounds in most children. Their toys, then, should be of a kind to facilitate the one and prevent the other. Such things as a box of bricks, or of houses, even a slate and pencil, are inexhaustible sources of amusement to those who have no garden: or for the winter season, books of prints, of birds, or animals in general, may be employed with great advantage, because they excite questions, afford the parent opportunities of giving much valuable oral instruction, and induce that love of inquiry which is the parent of knowledge. Those who possess a garden have fewer difficulties to encounter in providing amusement for their children. The spade, the wheelbarrow, or wagon, the hoop, kite, and ball, are too excellent and too well known to need recommendation here; neither need we name the doll for girls, which affords constant and varied amusement and occupation, and may be made the means of inculcating much that will be subsequently useful and admirable in a female.

These toys may also be made useful in teaching order, carefulness, and steadfastness. The seeds of perseverance may be sown, by insisting on a child's remaining satisfied with one plaything for a reasonable space of time; and a power of abstraction may be conferred by accustoming it to fix its attention on the object before it, even when surrounded by other attractions. Such a habit would also prevent envy or discontent. A child who is early accustomed to be satisfied with its own allotment will scarcely be discontented at a later period. A love of order may

be encouraged by the habit of putting the various toys in their respective places after use, and such a habit eventually leads to systematic carefulness and economy.

We now come to a most important part of education—the teaching of the practice of virtue, the instilling a permanent love of goodness, a hatred of evil.

Children who look upon their parents as the sources of their happiness (and all parents have the power of inculcating this feeling) will reverence their words and actions, and seek to follow their example; (we presuppose the early training we have recommended to have been pursued for three or four years;) they will also be delighted to please their parents, and grieved to vex them. Here, then, affection becomes one great stimulus, and a powerful instrument.

The practice of self-control, of truth, obedience, and gentleness, should be rewarded not by gifts, but by affectionate praise and encouragement; and all contrary conduct should be reprobated by disapprobation, and the expression of sorrow. Rewards and punishments must occasionally be resorted to at all ages, but they should be used sparingly, and, as we have before remarked, be made to grow out of the circumstances which call them forth. The pleasure afforded by self-approbation, and the approval of those whom we love and esteem, ought to be the greatest pleasure that a child can receive. When this is attained, the main difficulty is overcome.

We must, however, insist on the power of habit. The reasoning faculties are stronger in some children than in others, but the force of habit is great in all. Before reason assumes much influence (and it exists earlier than is generally believed), habits may be acquired; subsequently, appeals may be made to reason and affection.

If a child has been accustomed to find discomfort an unfailing consequence of misconduct, it will avoid misconduct as anxiously as it would avoid the fire after having been once burned. When it begins to reason, it will perceive the effect of misconduct in others; and here the parent has the means of strengthening a dislike of evil by illustrative tales, either read or repeated, showing the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice. A judicious selection will have the double effect of leading the child to a love of information. But again, we must urge upon the instructor, that nothing which is beyond its comprehension or is incapable of explanation should be presented. Every thing vague ought to be avoided. We should teach a child (whether it be by precept or by fictitious example) to do, or not to do, particular things, such as not to practise falsehood or deceit, but to be sincere and open on all occasions: general admonitions as to virtue and vice, doing right and doing wrong, &c., have little effect.

In the employment of the influence of affection, great prudence must be exercised, lest the feeling be deadened by too much use; or, on the other hand, lest the child be habituated to submit the judging power, which in after-life is the main motive of action, to the less certain guidance of sympathy and affection uncontrolled by reason: both evils, though of an opposite character, may we think arise from the injudicious use of the principle of affection. We might also caution mothers against the constant reiteration of such phrases as the following:—Don't do this; be quiet; let that alone; you are very naughty. The child soon comes to regard them as mere idle words, and often ceases even to hear them.

As implicit obedience is one of the first objects to be obtained, so no command should be given the fulfilment of which cannot be, and is not, insisted upon. The moment that evasion is found possible, it will be practised. There is no need of violence, no necessity for force, either in language or action; nothing but quiet, firm determination until the command be obeyed; approbation or displeasure may follow in proportion to the resistance that has been offered. We repeat, that every child must be taught the utter hopelessness of having its own way, before strict discipline can be maintained. Still we should be careful not to let our commands be of that description which may encourage obstinacy and resistance. For example, if a child has not obeyed a certain command, it may often be better to inflict a positive punishment, such as confinement, or the deprivation of some little pleasure, than to make the punishment continue till the child has obeyed the command. If we make the child's punishment continue till he has done what he is ordered to do, there is danger, with some children, of a stubborn resistance. If we punish for disobedience to the command, the lesson will not be without its value; and if the punishment be repeated as often as the offence is committed, there is not much reason for doubting that the parent will finally be successful.

As there are various tempers to be contended with, so must the system vary with regard to each. Passion, obstinacy, fretfulness, sullenness, and timidity, are the chief varieties. With the first we should recommend summary punishment, and that of a somewhat harsh character: for instance, solitary confinement, or bodily restraint, such as limitation to so small a space that movement is difficult or uneasy; and the entire privation for hours or days of the object which has caused the excitation, according to the age of a child.

Obstinacy is often fostered, rather than checked, by opposition. Wherever it is possible, the parent must

\* This extract, and others which follow, are from an excellent paper in the fourteenth number of the *Quarterly Journal of Education*.



endeavour not to perceive the assumed ignorance or incapacity, which are the usual forms which obstinacy takes in children. If they refuse to repeat a thing, say it over and over again yourself calmly, as if you were only anxious to remove their ignorance. If they refuse to do a thing, if it be practicable to move their limbs gently into the necessary action, do so, and let the matter end, never alluding to it at any subsequent period. If both these methods be unavailing, or not practicable, tie the hand behind the back, or attach it by a string to a hook in the wall, so as not to inflict pain, but merely so as to occasion inconvenience until the obstinate fit is over. But the child must never know that it is stubborn; nor must it ever perceive that it has the power to disturb the serenity of its guardian.

Fretfulness generally proceeds from physical causes, and eventually becomes habitual. The evil is more easy to prevent than to remedy; a little extra attention to the amusements of the child so afflicted (for a great affliction it is) will do much. An increase of tenderness (we do not by this mean false indulgence), accompanied by a firm determination not to grant the object which is longed for, are perhaps the best checks.

Sullenness can only be repressed by the privation of all society, all sympathy, and all amusement. The delinquent must be practically taught, that, when under the influence of such feelings, he is unfit for communication with his fellows, and unworthy of their regard. Timidity is perhaps more a defect of character than of temper, and, what seems an anomaly, is generally accompanied by vanity. Shy men are usually conceited. It proceeds from a false view of one's self and of others; of both persons and things. Encouragement must here be blended with particular attention to the reasoning faculties.

It appears unquestionable that these directions, followed out by a mother or nurse capable of realising them in their letter and their spirit, would have the best effects upon children, and lay the groundwork of an education tending to the improvement of the race and of their comforts. There are unfortunately many counteracting influences, which the best of parents can hardly obviate, particularly the debasing effect of intercourse with ill-instructed servants and juvenile companions. Till means shall have been taken for training servants systematically, and till the blessings of such education as is here described shall have been extended somewhat generally over families, great evils will certainly continue to flow from these sources; but yet all good is progressive, and must overcome great obstacles in its progress; and the greater the efforts made to follow a good system, the less evil will we certainly experience from the evil practices of others.

#### ABBOTSFORD.

ABBOTSFORD, the seat of the late Sir Walter Scott, is situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at a point nearly equidistant from Selkirk, Melrose, and Gala-shield, and a little more than thirty miles from Edinburgh. A very lively and very accurate account of the house was written in 1825, when Sir Walter was himself in life, and in the full enjoyment of what he thought fortune, by an American author named Lake; and this we now submit to our readers.

"Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, there was not a more unlovely spot, in this part of the world, than that on which Abbotsford now exhibits all its quaint architecture and beautiful accompaniment of garden and woodland. A mean farm-house stood on part of the site of the present edifice; a 'kale yard' bloomed where the stately embattled courtyard now spreads itself; and for many thousand acres of flourishing plantations, half of which have all the appearance of being twice as old as they really are, there was but a single long straggling stripe of unthriving firs. The river, however, must needs remain *in statu quo*; and I will not believe that any place so near those clearest and sweetest of all waters could ever have been quite destitute of charms. The scene, however, was no doubt wild enough—a naked moor—a few little turnip fields painfully reclaimed from it—a Scotch cottage—a Scotch farm-yard—and some Scots firs. It is difficult to imagine a more complete contrast to the Abbotsford of 1825.

Sir Walter is a most zealous agriculturist, and arboriculturist especially; and he is allowed to have done things with this estate, since it came into his possession, which would have been reckoned wonders even if they had occupied the whole of a clever and skilful man's attention during more years than have elapsed since he began to write himself Laird of Abbotsford. He has some arable land on the banks of the Tweed, and towards the little town of Melrose, which lies some three miles from the mansion; but the bulk of the property is hilly country, with deep narrow dells interlacing it. Of this he has planted fully one-half, and it is admitted on all hands that his rising forest has been laid out, arranged, and managed with consummate taste, care, and success.

By the principal approach you come very suddenly on the edifice—as the French would say, 'Vous tombez sur le château'; but this evil, if evil it be, was unavoidable, in consequence of the vicinity of a public road which cuts off the *château* and its *plaisance*

from the main body of park and wood, making it a matter of necessity, that what is called 'the avenue proper' should be short. It is but slightly curved, and you find yourself, a very few minutes after turning from the road, at the great gate already mentioned. This is a lofty arch, rising out of an embattled wall of considerable height; and the *fouges*, as they are styled, those well-known emblems of feudal authority, hang rusty at the side: this pair being *dit* on relics from that great citadel of the old Douglasses, Thrieve Castle, in Galloway. On entering, you find yourself within an enclosure of perhaps half an acre or better, two sides thereof being protected by the high wall above mentioned, all along which, inside, a trellised walk extends itself—broad, cool, and dark overhead with roses and honeysuckles. The third side, to the east, shows a screen of open arches of Gothic stonework, filled between with a network of iron, not visible until you come close to it, and affording, therefore, delightful glimpses of the gardens, which spread upwards with many architectural ornaments of turret, porch, urn, vase, and what not, after a fashion that would make the heart of old Price of the Picturesque to leap within him; this screen is a feature of equal novelty and grace, and, if ever the old school of gardening come into vogue again, will find abundance of imitators. It abuts on the eastern extremity of the house, which runs along the whole of the northern side (and a small part of the western) of the great enclosure.

Not being skilled in the technical tongue of the architects, I beg leave to decline describing the structure of the house, farther than merely to say, that it is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, as I paced it; was built at two different onsets; has a tall tower at either end, the one not the least like the other; presents sundry *croufooted*, *alias* zigzagged, gables to the eye; a myriad of indentations, and parapets, and machicolated eaves; most fantastic water-spouts; labelled windows, not a few of them of painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and lesser; stones carved with heraldries innumerable, let in here and there in the wall; and a very noble projecting gateway, a fac simile, I am told, of that appertaining to a certain dilapidated royal palace, which long ago seems to have caught in a particular manner the poet's fancy, as witness the stanza:—

Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
Above the rest, beyond compare,  
Linnithgow is excelling.

From this porchway, which is spacious and airy, quite open to the elements in front, and adorned with some enormous petrified stag-horns overhead, you are admitted by a pair of folding doors at once into the hall, and an imposing *coup d'œil* the first glimpse of the poet's interior does present. The lofty windows, only two in number, being wholly covered with coats of arms, the place appears as dark as the twelfth century on your first entrance from noonday; but the delicious coolness of the atmosphere is luxury enough for a minute or two; and by degrees your eyes get accustomed to the effect of those 'storied panes,' and you are satisfied that you stand in one of the most picturesque of apartments. The hall is, I should guess, about forty feet long, by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old palace of Dunfermline: the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same [in reality of stucco painted], each beam presenting in the centre a shield of arms richly blazoned; of these shields there are sixteen, enough to bear all the quarterings of a perfect pedigree if the poet could show them; but on the maternal side (at the extremity) there are two or three blanks which have been covered with sketches of Cloudland, and equipped with the appropriate motto, '*Nox alta velat*.' The shields, properly filled up, are distinguished ones: the descent of Scott of Harden on one side, and Rutherford of that ilk on the other; all which matters, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of Douglas and Nisbet? There is a doorway at the eastern end, over and round which the baronet has placed another series of escutcheons, which I looked on with at least as much respect; they are the memorials of his immediate personal connexions, the bearings of his friends and companions. All around the cornice of this noble room there runs a continued series of blazoned shields, of another sort still; at the centre of one end I saw the bloody heart of Douglas; and opposite to that, the royal lion of Scotland—and between the ribs there is an inscription in black letter, which I after some trials read, and of which I wish I had had sense enough to take a copy. To the best of my recollection, the words are not unlike these: 'These be the coat armories of the clannish and chief men of name, who kept the marches of Scotland in the auld time for the king. Trewe were they in their time, and in their defense God them defendyt.' There are from thirty to forty shields thus distinguished—Douglas, Soules, Buccleuch, Maxwell, Johnstone, Glendinning, Herries, Rutherford, Kerr, Elliott, Pringle, Home, and all the other heroes, as you may guess, of the Border Minstrelsy. The floor of this hall is black and white

• The painting of this and other parts of the house was executed by Mr D. R. Hay of Edinburgh, a gentleman who has applied a

marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozenge-wise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armour. Two full suits of splendid steel occupy niches at the eastern end by themselves; the one an English suit of Henry V.'s time, the other an Italian, not quite so old. The variety of cuirasses, black and white, plain and sculptured, is endless; helmets are in equal profusion; stirrups and spurs of every fantasy dangle about and below them; and there are swords of every order, from the enormous two-handed weapon with which the Swiss peasants dared to withstand the spears of the Austrian chivalry, to the claymore of the 'Forty-five,' and the rapier of Dettingen. Indeed, I might come still lower, for among other spoils I saw Polish lances, gathered by the author of Paul's Letters on the field of Waterloo, and a complete suit of chain mail taken off the corpse of one of Tippecoo's body-guard at Seringapatam. A series of German executioners' swords was *inter alia* pointed out to me; on the blade of one of which I made out the arms of Augsburg, and a legend which may be thus rendered:—

Dust, when I strike, to dust: From sleepless grave,  
Sweet Jesu, stoop, a sin-stained soul to save.

I am sorry there is no catalogue of this curious collection. 'Stepping westward,' as Wordsworth says, from this hall, you find yourself in a narrow low-arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons, such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, &c. &c. Here are the pieces esteemed most precious by reason of their histories respectively. I saw, among the rest, Rob Roy's gun, with his initials, R. M. C., i. e. Robert Macgregor Campbell, round the touch-hole; the blunderbuss of Hofer, a present to Sir Walter from his friend Sir Humphry Davy; a most magnificent sword, as magnificently mounted, the gift of Charles I. to the great Montrose, and having the arms of Prince Henry worked on the hilt; the hunting bottle of Bonnie King Jamie; Bonaparte's pistols (found in his carriage at Waterloo, I believe), *cum multis aliis*. In short, there can be no doubt that, like Grose of merry memory, the mighty minstrel

—Has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,  
Rusty airm caps and jinglin' jackets,  
Wad haud the Lothians three in tacketts,  
A towmout guid.

These relics of other, and for the most part darker years, are disposed, however, with so much grace and elegance, that I doubt if Mr Hope himself would find any thing to quarrel with in the beautiful apartments which contain them. The smaller of these opens to the drawing-room on one side, and the dining-room on the other, and is fitted up with low *divans* rather than sofas; so as to make, I doubt not, a most agreeable sitting-room when the apartments are occupied; as for my sins, I found them not. In the hall, when the weather is hot, the baronet is accustomed to dine; and a gallant refectory no question it must make. A ponderous chandelier of painted glass swings from the roof; and the chimney-piece (the design copied from the stonework of the Abbot's Stall at Melrose) would hold rafters enough for a Christmas fire of the good old times. Were the company suitably attired, a dinner party here would look like a scene in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*.

Beyond the smaller, or rather, I should say, the narrower armory, lies the dining-parlour proper, however; and though there is nothing Udolphoish here, yet I can well believe that, when lighted up and the curtains drawn at night, the place may give no bad notion of the private snuggery of some lofty lord abbot of the time of the Canterbury Tales. The room is a very handsome one, with a low and very richly carved roof of dark oak again; a huge projecting bow-window, and the dais elevated *more majorum*; the ornaments of the roof, niches for lamps, &c. &c.; in short, all the minor details are, I believe, fac similes after Melrose. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost entirely covered with pictures, of which the most remarkable are, the Parliamentary General, Lord Essex, a full length on horseback; the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a capital Hogarth, by himself; Prior and Gay, both by Jervas; and the head of Mary Queen of Scots, in a charger, painted by Amias Canrood the day after the decapitation at Fotheringay, and sent some years ago as a present to Sir Walter from a Prussian nobleman, in whose family it had been for more than two centuries. It is a most death-like performance, and the countenance answers well enough to the coins of the unfortunate beauty, though not at all to any of the portraits I have happened to see. I believe there is no doubt as to the authenticity of this most curious picture. Among various family pictures, I noticed particularly Sir Walter's great-grandfather, the old cavalier mentioned in one of the epistles in *Marmion*, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles I., and who here appears, accordingly, with a most venerable appendage of silver whiteness, reaching even unto his girdle. This old gentleman's son hangs close by him; and had it not been for the costume, &c., I should have taken it for a likeness of Sir Walter himself. There is also a very splendid full-length portrait of Lucy Waters, mother to the Duke

talent for the higher departments of the art, to what has hitherto been considered one of the humblest, and met with the success which his modesty and genius so richly merited.

of Monmouth; and an oval, capitably painted, of Anne Duchess of Buccleuch, the same who,

In pride of youth, in beauty's bloom,  
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

All the furniture of this room is massy Gothic oak; and, as I said before, when it is fairly lit up, and plate and glass set forth, it must needs have a richly and luxuriously antique aspect. Beyond and alongside are narrow passages, which make one fancy one's self in the penetralia of some dim old monastery; for roofs and walls and windows (square, round, and oval alike) are sculptured in stone, after the richest relics of Melrose and Roslin Chapel. One of these leads to a charming breakfast-room, which looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettrick, famed in song, on the other; a cheerful room, fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, I could perceive at one end; and the other walls covered thick and thicker with a most valuable and beautiful collection of water-colour drawings, chiefly by Turner, and Thomson of Duddingstone, the designs, in short, for the magnificent work entitled 'Provincial Antiquities of Scotland.' There is one very grand oil painting over the chimney-piece, Fastcastle, by Thomson, *alias* the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermuir, one of the most majestic and melancholy sea-pieces I ever saw; and some large black and white drawings of the Vision of Don Roderick, by Sir James Stuart of Allanbank (whose illustrations of Marmion and Mazeppa you have seen or heard of), are at one end of the parlour. The room is crammed with queer cabinets and boxes, and in a niche there is a bust of old Henry Mackenzie, by Joseph of Edinburgh. Returning towards the armoury, you have, on one side of a most religious looking corridor, a small greenhouse with a fountain playing before it—the very fountain that in days of yore graced the Cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts—a pretty design, and a standing monument of the barbarity of modern innovation. From the small armoury you pass, as I said before, into the drawing-room, a large, lofty, and splendid *salon*, with antique ebony furniture and crimson silk hangings, cabinets, china, and mirrors, *quantum suff.*, and some portraits; among the rest glorious John Dryden, by Sir Peter Lely, with his grey hairs floating about in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, presenting the old bard, I take it, in one of those 'tremulous moods' in which we have it on record he appeared when interrupted in the midst of his Alexander's Feast. From this you pass into the largest of all the apartments, the library, which, I must say, is really a noble room. It is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fire-place, terminating in a grand bow-window, fitted up with books also, and, in fact, constituting a sort of chapel to the church. The roof is of carved oak again, a very rich pattern, I believe chiefly a *la* Roslin, and the book-cases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities filling the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end; foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. The cases on the side opposite to the fire are wired and locked, as containing articles very precious and very portable. One consists entirely of books and MSS. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another (within the recess of the bow-window) of treatises *de re magica*, both of these being (I am told, and can well believe) in their several ways, collections of the rarest curiosity. My cicerone pointed out in one corner a magnificent set of Mountfaucon, ten volumes folio, bound in the richest manner in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms, the gift of George the Fourth. There are few living authors of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here. My friend showed me inscriptions of that sort in, I believe, every European dialect extant. The books are all in prime condition, and bindings that would satisfy Mr Dibdin. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse, by Allan of Edinburgh, a noble portrait, over the fire-place; and the only bust is that of Shakespeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche in the centre of the east side. On a rich stand of porphyry, in one corner, reposes a tall silver urn filled with bones from the Piræus, and bearing the inscription, 'Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.'

The lion's own den proper is a room of about five-and-twenty feet square by twenty feet high, containing of what is properly called furniture nothing but a small writing-table in the centre, a plain arm-chair covered with black leather—a very comfortable one though, for I tried it—and a single chair besides; plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fire-place there are shelves filled with duodecimos and books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but except these there are no books save the contents of a light gallery, which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. There is only one window pierced in a very thick wall, so that the place is rather sombre; the light tracery work of the gallery overhead harmonises well with the books. It is a very comfortable looking room, and very unlike any other I ever was in.

In one corner of this *sanctum* there is a little holy

of holies, in the shape of a closet, which looks like the oratory of some dame of old romance, and opens into the gardens; and the tower which furnishes this below, forms above a private staircase accessible from the gallery, and leading to the upper regions. Thither also I penetrated, but I suppose you will take the bed-rooms and dressing-rooms for granted.

The view to the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers over a lawn of sweet turf, upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettrick Forest. The rest you must imagine. Altogether, the place destined to receive so many pilgrimages contains within itself beauties not unworthy of its associations. Few poets ever inhabited such a place; none, ere now, ever created one. It is the realisation of dreams; some Frenchman called it, I hear, 'a romance of stone and lime.'

#### IMPROVISATORI.

In Italy, as many of our readers will know, there is a remarkable class of persons called *Improvvisatori*, a name signifying speaking impromptu on any subject. They are of a highly poetical temperament, and the Italian language being smooth and flowing, they will pour forth, on the spur of the moment, the most impassioned strain of eloquence, greatly to the delight of the crowds who surround and listen to them. The anecdotes related of the impromptu poetical harangues of these wandering minstrels, are in many instances exceedingly curious. Among other stories told of their feats, the following has been given:—

About sixty years ago, Benjamin West, a native of America, went to Rome to study the art of painting. His biographer, Mr Galt, relates the manner in which this celebrated artist was once entertained by an improvisatore. One night soon after his arrival in Rome, Mr Gavin Hamilton, the painter, to whom he had been introduced by Mr Robertson, took him to a coffeehouse, the usual resort of the British travellers. While they were sitting at one of the tables, a venerable old man, with a guitar suspended from his shoulder, entered the room, and coming immediately to their table, Mr Hamilton addressed him by the name of Homer. He was the most celebrated improvisatore in all Italy, and the richness of expression, and nobleness of conception which he displayed in his effusions, had obtained for him that distinguished name.

Those who once heard his poetry never ceased to lament that it was lost in the same moment, affirming that it often was so regular and dignified as to equal the finest compositions of Tasso and Ariosto. It will perhaps afford some gratification to the admirers of native genius to learn that this old man, though led by the fine frenzy of his imagination to prefer a wild and wandering life to the offer of a settled independence, which had been made him in his youth, enjoyed in his old age, by the liberality of several Englishmen, who had raised a subscription for the purpose, a small pension, sufficient to keep him comfortable in his own way, when he became incapable of amusing the public.

After some conversation, Homer requested Mr Hamilton to give him a subject for a poem. In the meantime, a number of Italians had gathered round them to look at West, who they had heard was an American, and whom, like Cardinal Albani,\* they imagined to be an Indian. Some of them, on hearing Homer's request, observed, that he had exhausted his vein, and had already said and sung every subject over and over. Mr Hamilton, however, remarked that he thought he could propose something new to the bard, and pointing to Mr West, said that he was an American come to study the fine arts in Rome, and that such an event furnished a new and magnificent theme.

Homer took possession of the thought with the ardour of inspiration. He immediately unsling his guitar, and began to draw his fingers rapidly over the strings, swinging his body from side to side, and striking fine and impressive chords. When he had thus brought his motions and his feelings into unison with the instrument, he began an extemporaneous ode in a manner so dignified, so pathetic, and so enthusiastic, that Mr West was scarcely less interested by his appearance than those who enjoyed the subject and melody of his numbers.

He sung the darkness which for so many ages veiled America from the eyes of science. He described the fulness of time, when the purposes for which it had been raised from the deep were to be manifested. He painted the seraph of knowledge descending from heaven, and directing Columbus to undertake the discovery; and he related the leading incidents of the voyage. He invoked the fancy of the auditors to contemplate the wild magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood, in the New World; and he raised, as it were, in vivid perspective, the Indians in the chase, and at their horrible sacrifices. "But," he continued, "the beneficent spirit of improvement is ever on the wing, and, like the ray from the throne of God, it has descended on this youth, and the hope which ushered in its new miracle, like the star that guided the magi to

Bethlehem, has led him to Rome. Methinks I behold in him an instrument chosen by heaven, to raise in America the taste for those arts which elevate the nature of man—an assurance that his country will afford a refuge to science and knowledge, when in the old age of Europe they shall have forsaken her shores. But all things of heavenly origin, like the glorious sun, move westward; and truth and art have their periods of shining and of night. Rejoice, then, Oh venerable Rome, in thy divine destiny; for though darkness overshadow thy seats, and though thy mitred head must descend into the dust, as deep as the earth that now covers thy ancient helmet and imperial diadem, thy spirit, immortal and undecayed, already reaches towards a new world, where, like the soul of man in paradise, it will be perfected in virtue and beauty more and more."

The highest efforts of the greatest actors, even of Garrick himself delivering the poetry of Shakspeare, never produced a more immediate and inspiring effect than this rapid burst of genius. When the applause had abated, Mr West, being the stranger and the party addressed, according to the common practice, made the bard a present. Mr Hamilton explained the subject: though with the weakness of a verbal translation, and the imperfection of an indistinct echo, it was so connected with the appearance which the author made in the recital, that the incident was never obliterated from Mr West's recollection.

#### JOHN KETTLEBOROUGH,

A STORY FOR THE AMBITIOUS.\*

ONE fine summer's day, John Kettleborough was sitting at the door of his cottage, employed, like the king in the old song, in "counting out his money." Not that he had much to count; but a man's all, be it ever so little, is much to him; and John's all amounted, at this time, to only thirteen shillings and fourpence; and though he counted it three several times, he could make no more of it. "It will be a long time yet before I can make it thirty-five shillings," said he to himself; and he sighed as he replaced the money in his canvass bag. But John's sorrows never lasted long; and he soon, with a heart as light as his purse, sat down to his dinner; and, thanks to that best of all possible sauces, a good appetite, made an excellent meal.

John Kettleborough was by trade and profession the letter-carrier and messenger of the village he lived in, and its vicinity, and was known by the appellation of the errand-boy, even after he had reached the age of thirty, when this history commences; an appellation which his half-grown and stunted appearance seemed to justify. Being a quick ready fellow, he had contrived to pick up many kinds of useful knowledge. He knew a little of gardening, could help at a brewing, had some skill as a cow-doctor, and, in a case of necessity, though the art was rather too sedentary to suit his active habits, could cobble a shoe. His extreme good nature and kindness of heart brought these acquirements into continual use; and he was always ready to help a neighbour. Whatever was going on, John was sure to be called upon for his services: in short, to use his own expression, a pie was no pie unless he had a finger in it. His most highly estimated qualifications, however, were his honesty and punctuality; qualities peculiarly valuable in an errand-boy. All these things made John a universal favourite throughout the village, from the squire down to the little boys who played at marbles on the green.

This popularity, however, though it was very pleasant, was not altogether so great a source of profit as one might suppose. John's kind offices were generally given gratis, at least to his poorer neighbours; and the small gain of a penny on every letter he brought from the post-office formed the principal part of his revenue. He was now entertaining the thoughts of advancing his vocation from letters to parcels; and to obtain a donkey and cart, to enable him to carry on this extended branch of the errand business, became the object of his noble ambition, and that for which he was so desirous of obtaining the sum of five and thirty shillings. John had had always so much to do, that he had not as yet had time to think about matrimony, but continued to live with his mother, an industrious good kind of old woman. And they led an easy cheerful life, content with their humble means, and disturbed by no ambitious desires, that only excepted which I have already spoken of, the desire of possessing a donkey cart.

John and his mother had scarcely finished their frugal meal, when they were surprised by hearing the sound of wheels in their unfrequented lane, and still more when a carriage stopped at their cottage door, and a middle-aged gentleman, with the grave aspect of a man of business, inquired of our friend if any one of the name of Kettleborough resided near. "There is only one of that name," said John, "that I know of, and that's myself: I know no other of the name hereabouts." On this the gentleman opened the door of the carriage, and walked gravely into the house. Mrs Kettleborough, having wiped down a chair with her apron, offered him a seat. A few moments' pause followed, as if the stranger was considering how to open

\* We present this pleasing little story as a specimen of the work from which it is extracted, "The New Children's Friend, consisting of Tales and Conversations, by Mrs Markham," a lady who stands in the very first rank of those who employ their talents in the production of books for the instruction and amusement of the young.

\* A Spanish cardinal, who presumed that American signified Indian.



his business. "I am fortunate," at last he said, "in finding you at home, sir, as I have an inquiry of great importance to make of you."

John drew himself up to his utmost height, and put on one of his gravest and most important looks, and thought within himself, "The gentleman has doubtless heard of my wonderful cure of farmer Tubs's lame cow, and is come to ask me for the receipt." Great, therefore, was his surprise, when the stranger, instead of asking him what was his cure for a cracked hoof, inquired who was his father. John, having presupposed the question, and prepared the answer, had "turpentine and mutton fat" at the end of his tongue. It therefore took him an instant or two to frame his mouth to reply to a question so different from the one he had anticipated. The stranger, perceiving his hesitation, misinterpreted the cause of it, and gravely proceeded—"We did not place ourselves, Mr Kettleborough, in this world; no man, therefore, need blush at the lowliness of his origin, nor be ashamed of his father."

"I ashamed of my father!" exclaimed John, who had now recovered himself; "I ashamed of him! Why, I am more proud of him than if he had been a king: for was not he honest Joe Kettleborough, who, every body knows, lived to the age of threescore and ten; and although he was only a day labourer, never had a shilling from the parish, nor spent a sixpence that he had not honestly earned; and that is more than every body can say. So, I think, I have reason enough to be proud of him."

"And now," said the other, in the same calm methodical manner as before, "will you tell me who was your grandfather?"

"Really, sir," said John, getting a little impatient at this strange sort of catechising, "you are as inquisitive a gentleman as ever I saw. However, I'm not ashamed of him, any more than of my father, though he was somewhat unfortunate. Why, you must know, sir, he was farmer Kettleborough, of the Grange, and would have prospered very well, if he had not married an extravagant wife, who brought him to ruin; and he died in the flower of his age, of a broken heart."

"So far so good," was the stranger's grave reply. "So far so good!" retorted John, somewhat provoked beyond his usual placidity, at hearing the misfortunes of his family treated so lightly; "I don't see where's the good of a man's coming to ruin, and dying of a broken heart."

"It is certainly a thing not to be desired," said the man of business, "but has nothing to do with the matter in hand. You must now, Mr Kettleborough, be pleased to inform me who was your great-grandfather."

"That's what I won't do," said John, angrily; "I've told you enough in reason already, and I'll not rip up any more of the troubles of my forefathers." John's resentment, however, yielded to his love of talking, and a very little persuasion from the stranger was enough to set him a-going again.

"To say the truth, sir," said he, "this is a sad story that I am going to tell you, and I am not over fond of talking of it; but since you say you must know all, there's no help for it. My great grandfather, since it must out, was William Kettleborough, coachman to an old gentleman called Lord Lippington. This lord had a daughter who used to ride on a pillion behind the coachman, my great-grandfather that was; and one day, when they were out riding, she persuaded him to ride away to the church and get married. As soon as the old lord knew of it, he forbade them ever coming again within his doors; and the young lady, poor thing, pined away with grief and repentance, and died soon after her first baby was born. Upon this my great-grandfather took to drinking, and as long as the money the lady had left lasted, all was very well; but when that was gone, and he could get no more drink, he died also. So then the lady's mother took the orphan child, that was my grandfather, and sent him away to the wealth of Sussex, where she had him well taken care of, and, when he was old enough, put into a good farm, where he came to ruin, as I told you before."

During this pathetic narrative, John's feelings almost overcame him; his voice faltered, and any one would have thought he was speaking of recent sorrows, and not of sorrows four generations back.

When he had ceased speaking, the stranger, without making any observation, good or bad, on the story he had heard, drily inquired the particular names, ages, and places of burial, of these several ancestors, and noted the answers down in his pocket-book, and was afterwards for some time employed in looking over and examining a parcel of papers. During this time, John looked on with a sort of stupefied astonishment; and the old woman began to suspect that the stranger was a government officer, who was going round the country to find out some new mode of raising a tax—perhaps a tax on grandfathers. At last the stranger, having folded up his papers, and tied them with a red tape, broke silence.

"The information you have given me, sir, is highly satisfactory, and tallies precisely with what I had previously gained. And now, sir, I have in return to inform you of what you will consider as very extraordinary news." "What may that be?" inquired John; "I dearly love a bit of news."

"Lord Lippington, the descendant of the old lord you spoke of, is dead." "Is he?" said John; "but

that's no such great news neither; we must all die some time, gentle as well as simple."

"But, what is more to the purpose, he died without leaving any children." "And suppose he did," John observed in reply, "there's nothing uncommon in that."

The stranger continued. "But what I principally have to tell you is, that, by his dying without children, you are his heir." "His what?" exclaimed John, half frightened, and quite bewildered.

"His heir at law," replied Mr Jones, as we must now call him; and then Mr Jones, seeing John's face of imperfect comprehension, proceeded to explain to him that the barony of Lippington had devolved on him, together with Lippington castle, its woods, parks, and estates, in virtue of his descent from Ginever, one of the daughters of Charles, ninth baron. Poor John listened with all his ears, and tried to understand what it all meant, and seemed to think that Mr Jones must be making game of him. Mr Jones assured him that nothing could be farther from his intention, and that he had never made game of any body in his life; an assertion which his grave matter-of-fact countenance and deportment fully corroborated.

"Well," said John, "it's a queer tale this you've been telling me, and I scarce know what to make of it; but if I understand aright, the upshot is that I am to be a lord."

"Undoubtedly," replied the other; "Baron Lippington."

"John Kettleborough a lord!—how the folks will laugh!" exclaimed John, himself setting the example by laughing out most obstreperously. In the enjoyment of this pleasure, however, he was soon checked by the phlegmatic Mr Jones, who reminded him that, instead of giving way to unnecessary mirth, he ought to be setting out for his castle, where important business awaited him. Thus called to order, John took a hasty leave of his mother, and stepped into the carriage with Mr Jones.

Mr Jones, as the reader may probably guess, was the steward of the Lippington family. He had been born on the estate, and bred up in the castle; and the scope of his feelings and ideas was confined to the ring-fence of the property, and his whole ambition centred in the well-regulating its affairs. He was inflexibly honest, and unconquerably grave and immovable, and, without having a bad heart, was equally invulnerable to the pathetic and to the ridiculous, and totally insensible to all those nicer touches by which men may be moved to mirth or melancholy. He had served the late lord faithfully, and was prepared to do the same by the present, though on a different plan. To the last he had been a submissive servant—to the present he proposed to be a rigid governor; and this not because he loved to rule, but because he deemed it incumbent on him, for the good of the estate, and credit of the name, to use some authority over a person so ignorant of all the fitting duties and functions of the rank thus, as might be said, thrust on him.

Mr Jones's first care was to take his lordship to the nearest town, where he could be properly habited to appear at his castle. On the way thither, John, who had never been in a carriage before, was in such ecstasies at every thing he saw, that the past and the future were alike obliterated from his mind; the present alone occupied it. His cottage, his castle, were alike forgot, and he was conscious only of the chaise. He sat as forward and as much in the middle of it as possible, rather to the inconvenience of his fellow-traveller; and, resting a hand on each knee, he tried, that nothing might escape him, to look out of all the four windows at once, keeping up all the time a running chatter on all the different objects he saw, and passing his judgment on every cow, hog, dunghill, and haystack. At last it became dark, and John, no longer able to stare about him, became drowsy and silent. Our travellers reached the town, and Lord Lippington, wearied by his journey, and stupefied by the events of the day, went early to bed, and dreamt of chewing gold-dust instead of tobacco, and finding it dry stuff.

The next day, by the activity of the indefatigable Mr Jones, his lordship was very creditably equipped in a suit of black, which, considering that it came from a ready-made shop, fitted him very passably. After they had resumed their journey, Mr Jones, as they travelled along, thought it now high time to give John some instructions in regard to the proprieties of the high station he was about to appear in. He told him that the first duty of a nobleman was to be grave and serious, and not to talk and chatter in a hail-fellow way to every body, but to converse freely only with persons of high station like himself. He also told him that he must be contented to sit alone in the parlours of the inns he stopped at, and not sit down, as John, indeed, much wished to do, with the hostlers and postboys, in the kitchen. In short, he drew such an alarming picture of the formalities and ceremonies he would be obliged to observe, that John began to suspect that it was no such fine thing, after all, to be a lord, and secretly wished that, instead of going to take possession of a barony, he were trudging to the post-office for the squire's letters.

Towards the middle of the following day, our travellers reached the end of their journey, and drove through a stately lodge into the park. The sight of the deer, who, startled by the sound of the carriage, were bounding about, astonished the new lord, and

put to flight a lecture of an hour long, which Mr Jones had been giving him, on the manner in which he ought to comport himself on his first arrival. He put his head out of the window as far as he could, and never saw that he was approaching the house, till the carriage stopped at the hall-door. Here a bevy of servants, curious and inquisitive to see the new lord, stood awaiting his arrival. John did not perfectly remember what Mr Jones had told him he ought to do or say. But he remembered that there was something about condescension; and so, trying to copy the squire's manner (he being the only gentleman of whom he had seen any thing), he nodded familiarly around, and said, "Well, my lads, how are ye? how go matters and things with ye?" Mr Jones, however, cut short his farther harangue, and led him, *volens volens*, through the hall, and turned him loose, so to express it, into a room on the opposite side. He then returned to make a short address to the tittering group at the hall-door, explaining to them that his lordship was a man of singular and somewhat retired habits; and enforcing upon them the necessity of treating him with respect, and of disregarding his oddities.

The room into which Lord Lippington had been ushered was a magnificent drawing-room, every way suitably furnished. He looked round, and saw, at the upper end of the room, a well-dressed gentleman, in black, looking earnestly at him. John advanced, and made his best bow. The person advanced to meet him, and bowed also; and it was not till this had been repeated two or three times, that John discovered that he was bowing to his own figure reflected in a large looking-glass—a very pardonable blunder in our friend, who had seldom seen himself in a looking-glass, and certainly had never seen himself so well dressed. John was a good deal abashed at this mistake, and the more so when he saw Mr Jones standing beside him, and gravely witnessing the whole scene.

Mr Jones now invited his lordship to take a survey of his new habitation, and led him from room to room, bewildered and amazed at all the fine things he saw. "What a deal of fine things are here!" at last he remarked; "I wonder what is the good of them. For my part, all these trinkum trankums," pointing to a table covered with the various knick-nackeries exhibited in modern drawing-rooms, "are fit for nothing but to be tossed into the street for the children to play with. One good solid oak table, with a handsome tea-board, or a silver tankard set on it for show, is worth 'em all."

"Such things as you describe," said the matter-of-fact Mr Jones, "are very suitable and very useful in the ale-houses in which they are seen; but these valuable *bijoux* are proper in noblemen's houses, and are meant only as ornaments."

"May be so," said John; "but I know which is most proper for sensible folks."

This being said aside, Mr Jones did not think it necessary to answer, but proceeded to a noble saloon with a coved ceiling, which excited John's unfeigned admiration. "Well," said he, "this is a fine place; why, it is bigger than farmer Tubs's new barn; and I reckon it would hold above fifty loads of wheat at the least."

The tour of the house being over, Mr Jones said, "Now, my lord, that you have seen some of your possessions, it is necessary to enter a little into business. In the first place, is it your lordship's wish to retain or dismiss the present household? The servants await your orders, whether to go or stay."

"What should they go for?" replied his lordship; "I don't want to turn any body away. I've known before now what it is to want a place, and no one shall lose a good place through me. So let 'em all stay, and do just as they used to do. And do you manage every thing as it should be. You have been journeyman to a lord all your life, and know the ways of 'em. As for me, I have not served my time yet, and am new to the business."

"You are master here, my lord," said Mr Jones; "and since you wish me to manage every thing for you, you shall be obeyed."

"But a word with you," said his lordship to Mr Jones, who was leaving the room; "a word with you before you go. As you say I'm master here, there is one thing I have to insist upon; and that is, that all in this house have as much as they please to eat and to drink. I'll have neither hunger nor thirst come here as long as I'm master. And as charity begins at home, let us begin by eating and drinking ourselves, for I want my dinner."

Mr Jones, accordingly, ordered dinner to be served with all convenient speed. But it did not happen to be convenient to the French cook to be speedy, and poor John had to wait a long time, and thought how much better things were managed in his mother's cottage, where it was only to open the cupboard door, and get what they wanted, or rather what they could find. He employed this long interval in imagining to himself the feast that was coming, and pictured in his mind's eye the solid joint of roast or boiled meat, and the substantial pudding, which, when the vicar's footboy, he had with admiration seen placed before his honoured master, and which he had always considered as the ultimatum of good living, or the point beyond which luxury could not go.

Dinner at last arrived, served on half a dozen small silver dishes, and consisted of as many delicate morsels, such as the cook had been accustomed to send up

to court the fastidious appetite of his late lord. But these were not at all suited to the hungry stomach of his present master, who, when the covers were removed, fell, in spite of his natural good temper, into an absolute passion, and declared that all these masterpieces of cookery were nothing but messes of broken victuals hashed up, such as he had seen the house-keeper at the squire's give away every Saturday to the poor. And he was only to be pacified by a solemn assurance from Mr Jones that he should never see such a shabby dinner again, but should have a boiled round of beef and a suet dumpling three times a week, and salt pork and parsnips on the intermediate days. The conditions of this treaty being finally arranged between master and man, John regained his temper over two or three huge slices of bread and cheese, congratulating himself that he was at least ending his dinner like a gentleman, and not living like a pauper on broken victuals. What the French cook said and thought on the occasion, it falls not within the province of this history to relate. John's recovered good humour was still farther confirmed by the kind consideration of one of the under footmen, who, seeing that he made wry faces at the Champagne and Burgundy which were put before him, and which he called only poor wiskey-washy stuff, brought him a jug of good ale. And so, having ate and drank to the extent of his wishes, or rather to the extent of his powers, our hero went to bed, tolerably reconciled to the being a lord, which he pronounced to be, on the whole, not so bad a thing as he had been at first afraid he should find it.

With the returning light returned Lord Lippington's fears and misgivings. The indefatigable Mr Jones brought him several papers to read, and to sign, and tried to talk to him of tenants and leases. But John protested that he could not and would not be plagued with a parcel of stuff about which he knew nothing, and gave Mr Jones one general order, that every body about him should do as he pleased, and have what he pleased, and that nobody should be unhappy or dissatisfied; and that if there were any poor men on the estate who wanted donkey carts, each of them should have five and thirty shillings to buy one; and in saying this, he sighed at the recollection of the happiness which he himself should now never enjoy.

As soon as he could get away from Mr Jones, John strolled out of doors; and chance, or perhaps instinct, led him towards the home-farm adjoining the park. Here he saw a man enviously employed in hoeing turnips. While my lord was standing wistfully looking at him, the man was called away. John cast a glance around; not a creature was in sight. His coat and waistcoat were off in a trice, and for nearly half an hour he forgot the restraints, the fatigues, the ennui, and all the annoyances of being a nobleman, in the supreme delight of hoeing turnips. But, oh that Mr Jones! His eyes were every where. Nothing ever escaped him; and our hero was caught in the very fact, and had to listen to a long harangue on the necessity of keeping up the proper dignity of an elevated station.

When Mr Jones had done, John thus spoke in reply:—"Now, Mr Jones, since you have been telling me that lords must not do this, and must not do that, will you be so good as to tell me what a lord may do?" "If he is disposed for exercise," replied Mr Jones, "he may mount his horse, and take a ride, and either view his own grounds or estates, or may call upon any of the neighbouring families; or else he may take an airing in his carriage; or if he is inclined to be a sportsman, he may take his gun, and, accompanied by his gamekeeper, may beat up his preserves for game; or if he prefers a sedentary occupation, there is none so proper as reading the newspapers. These will bring him acquainted with passing events, and furnish him with subjects of conversation when he mixes in society; and, besides, it has a very good appearance, if any visitor calls upon him, to be found sitting or lolling in an easy gentlemanly posture, with a newspaper in his hand."

"To tell you the truth, Mr Jones," replied his lordship, "as to your riding and shooting, and all that sort of thing, I have no great hankering after that line of business, seeing that I can't bear the sound of a gun without flinching, and that I never got on a horse in my life. So if I must be doing like a lord, I must e'en have your newspaper, and try what I can make of that." It would have been a sight to excite commiseration even in the most stoical breast, to have seen poor Lord Lippington sitting down in the constrained posture in which he had been accustomed to cobbie shoes (which was the posture he supposed to be meant by Mr Jones's hint), and trying what he could make of the newspaper. Even when he had deciphered the words of a sentence, sad, very sad, were his painful endeavours to comprehend the meaning; and at last, after vainly toiling a full half hour, he abandoned the politics, the court circular, and the news of the foreign mails, as being all beyond his understanding, and stuck steadily to the advertisements, some of which he could comprehend. But after a time he gave up the newspaper altogether. It grieved too much his kindly heart to read of so many servants out of place, and of so many persons who were obliged to sell their houses and furniture.

It would be a never-ending history to follow our friend John through the whole of his lordly life. Even his dinner of beef and pudding could not infuse zest and pleasure into the rest of the wearisome day; and he found at last, that though he was elevated to be a lord, he was sunk to be a mere nobody. In his native village, nothing prospered without him; he was the master-

spring of all that was going on. At Lippington Castle, sad reverse!—nobody heeded him: all his little attainments, on which he had so much valued himself, were here worse than useless: even his great skill in the cure of cracked hoofs gained him no estimation. There was not a single groom in his own stables who did not think he understood more of the matter. He wandered about in his splendid apartments, envying the domestics, who were enjoying themselves in the servants' hall; and he would have gone melancholy mad, if he had not contrived now and then to have a little snug gossip with his friend the under footman. But these stolen interviews were often broken in upon by the ever vigilant Mr Jones, to whom all Lord Lippington's improprieties of demeanour were a continual and serious affliction.

One of poor John's great consolations, amidst all these annoyances, consisted, as I think the reader will not be surprised to hear, in the power which his fortune gave him of being generous. His good nature quite revelled in the pleasure of giving; but his charities, as might be imagined, were not very discriminate, nor always judicious. It was his practice to stuff his pockets with bread and meat, and to distribute it to the poor whom he met in his walks; or if he was not thus provided, he would tell them to go to the castle, and get something to eat. It may be supposed that his walks were well watched, and his guests pretty numerous, and the pleasure he had in these hospitalities often repeated. But even this pleasure had its drawback, in the perpetual lectures of Mr Jones, on the impropriety of a nobleman's house being made, as in fact it seemed in a fair way to become, the rendezvous of all the beggars in the country.

John having dispatched a letter to his mother, describing his situation, his heart seemed to have gone with it. The memory of his former days, of his cheerful busy life, his good-natured old mother, his social neighbours, and his long-accustomed greetings in the market-place, made the constraints, the solitariness, and the dullness of his present condition, more intolerable.

When John had enjoyed, or rather endured, his elevated rank about a month, he arose one morning more than ordinarily out of spirits. The day seemed of unutterable length, and even the society of four mongrel puppies, which John had taken under his fostering care, failed to cheer him. But consolation, liberty, and happiness, were nearer at hand than our dejected friend could have hoped for. Mr Jones, that eternal Mr Jones, whose very appearance was become terrifying to poor John, entered the room, and sat down with an air of concern in his generally unmoved countenance, and began as follows:—"This is really an awkward piece of business, Mr Kettleborough, and I am very sorry—"

John, like all persons of tender conscience, was easily alarmed, and thought he was going to receive a lecture for having that morning given away a sirloin of beef to a beggar at the door. Accordingly, he entered on his defence even before the accusation was made. "I'm as sorry," said he, "Mr Jones, as you can be, if I've done wrong; but the man said he had a wife and five starving children; so, I'm sure nothing less than a whole joint could satisfy them." But Mr Jones took no notice of this apologetical speech. "We have both," he proceeded, "been under a great mistake; and I am sorry my haste and inadvertence should have drawn you, sir, into so great an error, and consequent disappointment."

"What is the matter?" said John, alarmed; "surely nothing has happened to the puppies?"

"I have worse news," replied Mr Jones, "to tell you than any thing that concerns them. I have to inform you that a nearer heir than yourself has appeared to the Lippington title and estates. I have here in my hand a letter from a gentleman, who makes out a clear descent from a younger son of the ninth baron, from whom you claim through his daughter: consequently he, and not yourself, is the true Lord Lippington."

"Say that again," said John, "that I may be sure I hear you rightly."

"I repeat," said Mr Jones, "that you are no longer Baron Lippington of Lippington Castle, but plain John Kettleborough, as before."

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted John, tossing his hat up in the air for joy: "It is the best news," he continued, "I have heard for this many a day; for, to tell you the truth, Mr Jones, I'm fairly tired out, and hope I shall never be a lord again as long as I live. And I don't care how soon I'm out of this great forlorn castle, and once again at my own dear little snug cottage."

Mr Jones now went to prepare for the new heir, whose arrival he expected in the course of the day. The moment he was gone, our friend John's resolution was taken. He was ready on the instant: he had no packing or preparations to make for his journey; he was a stout and nimble walker; and with a light heart and a bounding step, he sallied out of the castle a happier man than he had ever been in it. With occasional lifts in carriers' carts, he arrived, on the morning of the fourth day, at his mother's cottage, and found her busily engaged with one of her gossips in deciphering, spelling, and putting together his own letter, which was now almost worn out by frequent handling. The news of his return spread like wildfire through the village. All his old neighbours crowded round him, and John was engrossed three whole days, and part of the nights, in repeating the history of his adventures from beginning to end.

In the evening of the last of these three days, he was sitting with a circle of his friends all around him, and was giving his history for the fiftieth time, and had just wound up his narrative with these words:—"Before I was a lord, I had often more appetite than dinner; but afterwards, I had more dinner than appetite: and, I think, of the two, that's the worst." On a sudden he looked up, and saw Mr Jones standing before him. John started, and changed colour. "Surely," said he, "you airt come to take me back again. I hope airt's right, and that t'other lord is come."

"All is quite right," said Mr Jones; "and the other lord, as you call him, is come, and it is he who sent me here."

"Oh! I reckon I know what for," said John; "I've got 'em all safe, and ready to send back." So saying, he produced a bundle carefully packed up, containing his suit of black, and the frilled shirt which he had worn the day he left the castle. "I am very sorry, sir, that I can only pay back a part of the money I had of you; for I sent a part to mother, for our neighbours. But here's what's left; and I'll pay the remainder at five shillings at a time, as I can."

Even the immovable Mr Jones seemed to be touched by the disinterested integrity of this honest creature, and hastened to assure him that he was sent by the new lord, not to reclaim any thing from him, but to learn in what way he could benefit him. For the true Lord Lippington, having heard the history of John's reign at the castle, felt uneasy until he had made him a suitable recompence for his disappointment. And this, indeed, he felt, not only on account of what was due from himself, but out of a wish also to show his sense of the real merits of one who had borne so sudden an elevation to wealth and rank without having his heart in the least corrupted by it.

"My lord's very good," said John; "but my mother and I can addle enough to keep us decent; and I don't know what we can want more."

"My lord," replied Mr Jones, "will not think I have performed my errand unless you will tell me of something you would have. Is there nothing among the things you saw at the castle that might make your house here more agreeable or more comfortable?"

After a pause, John replied, "Why, there is one thing I should like very well to have, but I don't want to be imposing."

"It is only to ask and have," said Mr Jones; "for, I think, I know you well enough to be quite sure that you will not desire any thing unreasonable."

"Then," said John, "what I was thinking of is that fat bacon hog that's in the old pigsty; and there's another thing, if my lord would not think it too much—and that's one of them mongrel puppies I left on the sofa in the drawing-room. I don't wish to rob him of more than one: for, I reckon, he'll be glad enough to keep the others to amuse him in yon dull castle."

The pig and the puppy arrived in due time, and in good condition, to the great joy of John, and admiration (I speak as regarding the pig) of his mother. Nor did Lord Lippington confine his liberality to these two gifts. He also settled on John, not a large income, or one which would set him above the station he best loved, but a sufficiently ample one to satisfy all his moderate wishes, and make him, in his own way, as happy as possible.

And if ever a man was happy, it was John. He had the pleasure of maintaining his mother, for the rest of her life, in comfort and plenty. He could have beef and dumplings as often as he pleased, and had always some left for a hungry beggar. He was as ready as ever to assist his old neighbours by the exercise of his professional skill; and ready, above all, to entertain them with what the schoolmaster called his "Tales of the Castle;" and his cheerfulness of temper and kindness of disposition doubled all his enjoyments. We will conclude this history by quoting one of his own sayings, "It is best and wisest for every man to keep in his own station. Boiled pork is better than French kickshaws; and sows' ears, as the proverb goes, are not meant for silk purses."

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

### SIR JOHN MOORE.

THIS eminent soldier and amiable man was born in Glasgow, November 13, 1761. He was the third son of Dr Moore, a celebrated physician, but still better known as the author of *Zeluco* and other works of merit. His mother was a daughter of Professor Simson, of the University of Glasgow, and niece to Robert Simson, the famous geometrician.

When young Moore had attained a proper age, and had acquired the necessary qualifications, he was entered at the High School of his native city. At this period of his life he is described as having been of a bold, daring, and somewhat untractable disposition; his temper irascible, and easily excited into passion. He possessed, however, a fund of good sense, which enabled him, even while yet very young, to obtain a complete command of his temper. His personal appearance was, in his boyish days, as afterwards, extremely prepossessing. His figure was tall and handsome, and the expression of his countenance cheerful and benign.

His father, Dr Moore, having been engaged in 1772 to take charge of Douglas Duke of Hamilton, then a youth, and to accompany him during a tour on the Continent, thought this an excellent opportunity for showing his son a little of the world, and accordingly resolved to take him with him. An intimacy was consequently formed between young Moore and the Duke of Hamilton, which only terminated with the premature death of the latter. This intimacy, originally sufficiently sincere on both sides, was ripened into a warm friendship by the occurrence of an accident while the party were at Paris. One day the young duke, in a sportive humour, drew his hanger, and began to fence with it playfully at young Moore, who, skipping from side to side to avoid the false thrusts that were made at him, afforded the amusement desired. Unfortunately, however, he on one occasion flung himself directly in the way of the weapon, and



received it in his flank. Shocked at what had taken place, the duke threw down his sword, and rushed out of the apartment in search of Dr Moore, whom he immediately brought to his son's assistance. On examining the wound, however, it was found to be quite trifling, the blade which had inflicted it having glanced on the outside of the ribs, and merely pierced the skin. From this period the duke conceived the warmest friendship for his young companion—a friendship excited at once by the imminent peril in which he had placed the life of the boy, by the calmness and fortitude which he displayed on the occasion, and by the generous anxiety which he evinced to soothe his fears, and to assure him of his safety.

The spirit and intrepidity of the embryo soldier was, however, soon after this occurrence, evinced in a still more unequivocal way. Having quarrelled with some French boys whom he met accidentally in the garden of the Tuilleries, John, regardless of the odds against him, instantly gave them battle; and from his knowledge of the art of boxing, with which they were wholly unacquainted, and his superior strength and courage, he quickly brought them to the ground one after the other. His father, who was also in the garden at the time, happening to come up during the scuffle, raised the fallen combatants, and apologised for the rudeness of his son, whom he carried off with him, and also reprimanded for his conduct.

After a short stay in Paris, the party proceeded to Geneva, where John was boarded in a house of education, while the duke and his father took up their residence with a clergyman of that city. Here he made great progress in various branches of knowledge, such as geography, arithmetic, and practical geometry; and in some of the more elegant accomplishments, such as dancing, fencing, and riding—in all which he excelled. His personal appearance, too, and dispositions, also greatly improved, as we learn by a passage in a letter from his father to Mrs Moore, dated 1774, when young Moore was in his thirteenth year. "Jack is really a pretty youth," he says; "his face is of a manly beauty, his person is strong, and his figure very elegant. His mind begins to expand, and he shows a great deal of vivacity, tempered with good sense and benevolence. He is of a daring and intrepid temper, and of an obliging disposition." Even at this early period of his life he began to evince a decided predilection for the army, or at least for military studies. He often amused himself in the fields with boyish displays of military tactics, and already contemplated the fortifications of Geneva with the eye of a soldier. He showed his father how he would attack them, and at the same time pointed out to him their weaker parts.

From Geneva the travellers proceeded, in the autumn of 1774, on a tour through Germany, and were flatteringly received and kindly entertained by Marshal Contade at Strasbourg, and by the dowager Margravine of Barihth at Carlsruhe. While in Germany, he assiduously devoted himself to the study of the language of that country, and made considerable progress in it. At Hanover they were introduced, to the great delight of John, to Field-Marshal Sporken; "a fine old soldier," as he himself writes to his brother, "with grey hairs, and who has been in many battles." At Brunswick, young Moore and the duke were taught the Prussian military exercise, in which they became so expert that they "could fire and charge five times in a minute."

From Brunswick they proceeded to Berlin, where they were received with marked distinction by Frederick II., and had an opportunity of witnessing some of those splendid military reviews in which that monarch so much delighted. These grand and imposing spectacles had the effect of finally determining young Moore to adopt the army as a profession, of which his father did not disapprove. At Berlin, young Moore was presented with a pair of Prussian pistols, and a small pocket Horace, by the Earl Marischal of Scotland, at that time a general in the Prussian service. The old soldier conceived a great liking for his young countryman, and was directed in the choice of the gift he made him, by perceiving the ardent love he entertained for the profession of arms.

From Berlin the travellers went to Vienna, which they reached in August 1775. Here they were politely received by Joseph II., who formed so favourable an opinion of Dr Moore, that he offered to take his son into his service. This proposal, however, both the father and son declined to entertain. At this period the future hero thus writes to his brother, who had intimated his intention of becoming a sailor:—"I hope that, in some years after this, you and I will thrash the Monsieurs both by sea and land." And he adds, with that amiable feeling for which he was always remarkable, "but I hope we won't make war with the Spaniards; for the Spanish ambassador is the best and kindest man I ever saw."

The party next visited Italy, and finally went to Naples, where young Moore received the joyous tidings that the Duke of Argyll had obtained an ensign's commission for him in the 51st Regiment. His brother, who writes his life, describes his joy on this occasion as having been boundless; but as he was yet only fifteen years of age, leave of absence was obtained for him for several months, which time he employed in acquiring the Italian language. At the end of this period he left his father and the duke at Paris, to which they had again returned, and went to Glasgow to visit his mother before he should join his regiment.

With this affectionate parent, to whom he was tenderly attached, he remained for two months, when he embarked for Minorca, where his regiment then lay, and reached that island early in the year 1777. He had now fairly entered on that career which was to lead him to such high distinction, and to terminate so gloriously for his fame.

Finding that no active operations were likely to take place in Minorca, Moore cast a wistful eye to America, where a war with the mother country was then raging; and his wish to have a place on that busy scene was unexpectedly gratified in about two years after he had entered the army, by his being appointed to a lieutenancy, and to the office of paymaster in a regiment raised by his early friend the Duke of Hamilton. With this regiment he embarked for Halifax in Nova Scotia, where he arrived in the summer of 1779.

In all the military operations which afterwards followed in this quarter of the world, and in which he was concerned, Moore gave proofs of that firmness of character, that intrepidity in the field, and that wisdom in council, which subsequently acquired for him the reputation of the first soldier of his day. Two instances amongst many others, one of his courage and the other of his humanity, during this war with the Americans, may be here noticed:—On one occasion when his men had given way, and were confusedly retiring before the heavy fire of a superior force of the enemy, Lieutenant Moore advanced to the front, and called upon them to stand their ground, and "to behave like soldiers." The men obeyed, recommenced firing, and kept the enemy at bay till the face of affairs had undergone a more favourable change. The instance of his humanity, or rather, perhaps, high sense of honour and chivalrous feeling, is still more remarkable. Observing the commanding officer of the enemy at a short distance from him flourishing his sword and encouraging his men, Lieutenant Moore levelled his fusil—subalterns then carrying this description of arms—and might have easily killed him; but, suddenly struck with the impression that it would be unfair to avail himself of the advantage he possessed, he replaced the fusil on his shoulder without firing it.

On the termination of the war in 1783, Captain Moore, a rank to which he was promoted for his intrepid and judicious conduct before he left Halifax, returned to England, when his regiment was disbanded, and he was reduced to half-pay. The interval, however, which elapsed between this period and that at which he was again called into active service, was by no means lost to him; for he diligently employed it in improving his knowledge of military tactics and field fortification. During this interval, too, he served in Parliament, having been elected a representative of four Scottish burghs; and while acting in this capacity, he had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with, and to acquire the friendship of, the Duke of York.

Honourable and gratifying, however, as was his position as a senator of the empire, and the companion and friend of some of the first men of the day, it was not one which accorded with the genius of Moore. He longed for an opportunity of resuming the military career which he had so promisingly and prosperously begun, but it was not until the year 1787 that such an opportunity presented itself. In that year he was appointed major to one of two new battalions which were then added to the 60th regiment, and in the year following was nominated to the same station in the 51st, then quartered at Cork, to which city he soon after repaired. This regiment being soon afterwards ordered on foreign service, on which, however, it did not at this time proceed, the lieutenant-colonel sold out, and Major Moore became the purchaser of his commission, and of course attained his rank.

Colonel Moore remained in Ireland with his regiment till the year 1792, when it was ordered to embark for Gibraltar, where it arrived in the latter end of March of the year just named. The tedium and monotony of garrison duty, which Moore soon began to feel irksome and oppressive, and which had only been relieved during nine months by a short excursion which he made into Spain, and a fruitless attempt to aid the loyalists at Toulon, was finally terminated by his being appointed, together with Major Kochler, by Lord Hood and General Dundas, to make a survey of the island of Corsica, to ascertain how far an attack on that island, which had revolted from the French, and was now governed chiefly by the venerable patriot Paoli, would be advisable. The result of that survey was, that Colonel Moore was appointed to conduct a descent on the island, with the view of co-operating with Paoli, and he accordingly landed on the coast of Corsica (7th February) with 650 soldiers, 150 seamen, and two light guns. The French, however, who still had seven thousand men in the different garrisons in the island, had in the meantime, between the period of Moore and Kochler's survey and the landing of the former with troops, been actively employed in preparing for resistance, and so far succeeded as to present the appearance of an opposition which threatened to be extremely formidable; and the result did not belie this appearance. During the whole of the contest which followed, and which terminated, in the first place, in the British obtaining possession of the island—which, however, they again lost within the year—Colonel Moore was actively employed, and here again distinguished himself by his personal bravery, sound

judgment, and superior military genius. The two latter qualifications were now rapidly improving with him, and gradually investing him with a conspicuous character in the British army.

Towards the conclusion of the struggle in Corsica, Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had been appointed by the British government viceroy of the island, conceived that Colonel Moore, whose influence with the islanders was great, had infused into the people a spirit of opposition to his government, and represented his conduct in this light to the Secretary of State, who ordered him home to answer to the charge which had been brought against him. With this order Moore immediately complied. He lost no time in embarking for England, and on his arrival hastened to London, where he waited upon the several leading men in the Cabinet, and not only succeeded in convincing them of the unjustness of the accusation which had been brought against him, but obtained, as a proof of their continued confidence in his honour and abilities, the appointment of brigadier-general in the West Indies, some of the islands of which were then in a state of revolt. The brigade, composed mostly of foreigners, to which he was appointed, was then assembling in the Isle of Wight, whither he proceeded, after a stay of only a few weeks in London, and in February 1796 embarked with his brigade on board a fleet, commanded by Admiral Cornwallis, for Barbadoes, which they reached on the 15th of April. Here he was kindly received by the commander-in-chief, the lamented Sir Ralph Abercromby, under whose orders he was henceforth to act. After a series of operations, in which Moore bore as usual a distinguished part, and acquired a high place in the esteem of the commander-in-chief, the island of St Lucia was taken from the enemy, and Moore appointed its governor. In this appointment, the duties of which he discharged with a judgment and prudence that excited general approbation, he remained till 1797, when he was compelled to return home, on account of declining health. He was not, however, permitted long to enjoy either the society of his friends or the retirement which his debilitated constitution demanded. An invasion from France being seriously apprehended, General Moore, and Major Hay of the engineers, were appointed to survey the eastern coast of England, and to report on the facilities which it presented for the landing of an enemy. In the year following, Sir Ralph Abercromby having been appointed to the chief command of the army in Ireland, then in a distracted state, and threatened also with invasion, he requested that Moore should be appointed brigadier-general under him, a request which was immediately complied with; and the latter, accordingly, proceeded to Dublin, where he arrived, in company with the commander-in-chief, on the 2d December 1798. The conduct of Brigadier Moore throughout the whole of the unhappy times which followed in Ireland, and in all the proceedings of which he had charge during the rebellion, was marked with great humanity and singular judgment, and was such in every instance as to add greatly to the reputation he had already acquired. On this occasion his merits were further recognised by his being promoted to the rank of major-general.

In 1799, General Moore was recalled from Ireland, which was now restored to tranquillity, and appointed to the command of a brigade under his old friend and superior Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was under orders to proceed to Holland, at the head of an expedition fitted out for the purpose of rescuing that country from the dominion of the French. In this service General Moore performed a brilliant part, and was three times wounded, once in the hand, a second time in the thigh, and a third time through the cheek; the ball having passed out behind one of his ears. In consequence of these wounds, particularly the last, he was obliged to return home, being unable longer to keep the field. Shortly after his arrival in England, his Majesty, in token of the high opinion he entertained of his merits generally, and of the value which he placed upon the services he had performed in Holland, appointed him colonel of the 52d regiment.

In the spring of 1800, General Moore was appointed to a command in an expedition which the government had prepared to send out to co-operate with Austria in an attempt to expel the French from Italy, but circumstances having arisen to render this expedition inadvisable, it was abandoned.

Sir Ralph Abercromby having been soon afterwards appointed to succeed Sir Charles Stuart in the chief command in Minorca, General Moore accompanied him, and took an active part in various operations which followed in different parts of the Mediterranean. These, however, were for the most part either not very important in themselves, or were unattended with any very important results. But a splendid new field for the display of his talents and military genius was now about to present itself. The celebrated expedition to Egypt was determined on, and the command given to Sir Ralph Abercromby, who, as is well known, landed his troops in Aboukir Bay, in the face of dangers and difficulties more formidable, perhaps, than those which any assailing army had ever encountered; and it was in a great measure, if not wholly, owing to General Moore—to his coolness, intrepidity, and decision, that the execution of that gallant landing was so gloriously successful. Moore led the boats on this occasion, his being the foremost; and after effecting a disembarkation in the face of a storm of shot and shells, formed his men on the beach, scaled

the hill on which they were posted, and from which they were pouring down destruction on the approaching troops, charged them, and drove them from their position. In the brilliant campaign which followed, General Moore earned a reputation as a soldier which left him second to none of his day. At the battle of Alexandria he was severely wounded in the leg by a musket-ball, which penetrated to the depth of three inches, and subjected him to some painful operations, besides confining him for a great length of time, and reducing him to a very feeble condition. On the conclusion of the campaign, he returned to England. While at Sandgate (1804), he unexpectedly received a highly complimentary official letter, announcing to him that it was his Majesty's pleasure that the honour of the order of the Bath should be conferred upon him; and he was accordingly soon after invested with this mark of his sovereign's approbation.

Shortly after this, Sir John Moore was nominated second in command of the British forces in Sicily, where, and in Gibraltar, he remained till the year 1806, when, agreeably to an order which he had received, he returned to England. A cessation of four months from military employment now enabled him to enjoy once more the society of his family and his friends. At the expiry of this brief period, however, he was again called into active service. Ministers had determined on sending out an army to aid the King of Sweden against his enemies, and it was intimated to Sir John Moore, by the Duke of York and Lord Castlereagh, that the command of this army should be given to him; and he accordingly soon after embarked at Deal, with eleven thousand men, for Gottenburgh. The singular character of the King of Sweden, however, at once remarkable for imbecility, and an obstinacy which no considerations could move, rendered all possibility of co-operating with him wholly impracticable. Finding this, and that his Swedish majesty's mind was filled with the most ridiculous and absurd projects, any one of which would have brought destruction on his army, Sir John wisely determined on returning to England without attempting any thing. He had no sooner arrived, however, than he was ordered to proceed with the army under his command, which was not allowed even to disembark, to Portugal, where he was told he would place himself under the command of Sir Hew Dalrymple. He therefore (August 1808) set out for Portsmouth, from which he sailed in a few days afterwards for Portugal. Here he served under the commands, alternately, of Sir Henry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple, until the French, under Junot, evacuated the country, in terms of a convention which had been entered into with that general by the British commander-in-chief.

In the September following, Sir John Moore received dispatches from the war minister, appointing him to the chief command of an army to be employed in Spain. These dispatches, to him of most unexpected import, were accompanied by a private letter from Lord Castlereagh, in which he assured Sir John of his personal assistance in every thing respecting the public service, and requesting him to write him confidentially on subjects connected with his command. The army, to the chief command of which Sir John was appointed, he was told, was to consist of 30,000 men, 10,000 of which were to be under the immediate command of Sir David Baird, and its object "to co-operate with the Spanish armies in the expulsion of the French from that kingdom."

The series of events which followed the occupation of Spain on this occasion by the British army, are at once too numerous, too complicated, and generally too well known, to render it either possible or necessary to trace them in such a limited space as we are confined to in this sketch. These events were of a remarkably chequered complexion, and though not unmingled with brilliant passages, were on the whole very far from being generally of a favourable character. Deceived and misled on all hands by those on whom he was taught to rely—betrayed, trifled with, and deserted by those whom he came to assist, and whose cordial co-operation was promised him, and formed his chief hope of success—Sir John Moore, after struggling for several months against difficulties which no human genius could surmount, determined, as the only course left him, on evacuating Spain; and he accordingly commenced that retreat which has thrown the glory even of his victories in the shade. Pressed by an overwhelming force of the enemy, which kept constantly and perseveringly hanging on his rear, Sir John continued his masterly retreat to Corunna, where he prepared to embark his jaded and worn-out troops. On reaching this place, however, he found that the transports which had been engaged to meet him here had not arrived, having been detained by contrary winds. His force was therefore now at bay—for the French were still pressing on—and it became evident that the British army must either capitulate or fight; and contrary to the advice of some of his generals, Sir John Moore determined on the latter of these alternatives, and proceeded to make instant preparations for the coming strife.

A day or two elapsed before the French appeared, and this interval the British general employed in examining the ground around Corunna, superintending the planting of cannon, and in making every other disposition which the exigencies of the case required, and his own consummate skill suggested. In this interval, too, the poor war-worn soldiers were

plentifully supplied with warm and nourishing food, and indulged in the luxuries of shelter and repose. New firelocks were also issued to them, to supply the place of the damaged and rusty arms which they carried, and they were besides furnished with supplies of fresh ammunition. Invigorated and refreshed by these indulgences, the men eagerly and joyously anticipated the approaching contest. Sir John Moore now drew up his army on the ground which he proposed to make the scene of battle, and rode through the ranks, inspiring the men with courage, and cheering them by his animated looks. The expected enemy at length appeared, and the celebrated battle of Corunna, so glorious to the British arms, and to the general's fame, was fought. Sir John Moore himself was in the middle of the fight, and continued directing the movements and encouraging his men, till struck down by a cannon-ball, which dreadfully lacerated his left shoulder and chest, inflicting a wound which, though not instantly fatal, placed him far beyond the reach of all human aid. While yet on the ground, he half raised himself, and, forgetting for a moment the fearful condition he was in, gazed anxiously and with a steady countenance on the 42d Highlanders, who were hotly engaged with the enemy. He was now placed in a blanket, and carried off the field by some Highlanders and guardsmen. Captain Hardinge, who was beside him at the time, having in vain endeavoured to staunch with his sash the appalling torrents of blood which poured from his wound, seeing his sword encumbering him, he also endeavoured to unbuckle it. "It is as well as it is," said the dying hero; "I had rather it should go out of the field with me." He was now carried to Corunna, but on the way frequently ordered his bearers to stop, and to turn round, that he might obtain a glimpse of the field of battle, and listen to the firing. On reaching Corunna, one of the most affecting scenes took place that ever was associated with the last moments of a dying soldier. Sir John, however, continued calm and collected in the midst of the sorrowing friends and associates in arms who now surrounded him. To all of them he spoke kindly and affectionately, inquired anxiously regarding the safety of some who were still in the field, and to several of those present confided remembrances to his friends in England. Soon after this, Sir John Moore breathed his last; and with that breath departed one of the noblest souls that ever tenanted a human frame. The battle of Corunna was fought on the 16th day of January 1809.

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Thou gentle and kind one,  
Who com'st o'er my dreams,  
Like the gales of the west,  
Or the music of streams—  
Oh, softest and dearest,  
Can that time e'er be,  
When I could be forgetful  
Or scornful of thee?

No, my soul might be dark,  
Like a landscape in shade,  
And for thee not the half  
Of its love be display'd;  
But one ray of thy kindness  
Would banish my pain,  
And soon kiss every feature  
To brightness again.

And if, in contending  
With men and the world,  
My eye might be fierce,  
Or my brow might be curl'd,  
That brow on thy bosom  
All smoothed would recline,  
And that eye melt in kindness,  
When turned upon thine!

If faithful in sorrow,  
More faithful in joy,  
Thou should'st find that no change  
Would affection destroy:  
All profit, all pleasure,  
As nothing would be,  
And each triumph despised,  
Unpartaken by thee.

R. C.

#### A TALE OF MYSTERY.

In 1734, the following circumstance took place in Lincolnshire:—It was the wedding-day of Mr and Mrs Griffin—I mean the *actual*, not the anniversary wedding-day; and the jocund bridegroom, bride, and their guests, were assembled about noon in the drawing-room, when a servant entered, and said a gentleman had called and anxiously wished to speak to Mr Griffin; that he was waiting below stairs, and would not come up, because he came upon particular business. Mr G. begged his company to excuse him for a few minutes, and quitted the room. One hour elapsed—no bridegroom; two hours—he did not appear; three, four—there were no indications of his return. The bride's mind misgave her, and the hymeneal guests

became much alarmed. The servants, one and all, declared they had seen their master and the gentleman who had so unexpectedly arrived, walk into the garden, whence they had not returned. Now, a high brick wall, in which there was no outlet, and over which no person could climb except by a ladder, enclosed the garden, which, when searched, was found empty; whilst at the same time it was clear that Mr Griffin and his friend "the gentleman" could not have walked back, and passed through the hall-door, without being, from its situation, seen and heard by the servants in the kitchen. Time, however, fled; year after year passed over, and Mr Griffin did not re-appear: no!—and although his lady lived to be nearly ninety years of age, she never gained any tidings of the spouse thus so mysteriously spirited away! —*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

#### TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

Some time ago, a young farmer left a market town, situated no matter where, and proceeded homewards mounted on a nag, of which he as often boasted as Tam O'Shanter did of his mare, that "a better never lifted leg." The season was winter, and the night very dark; and from some cause or other the animal deviated from the proper path, stumbled over a crag and broke its neck, although the rider, strange to say, escaped unhurt, or, at worst, with a few trifling scratches. The youth journeyed home on foot, told the servants what had happened, and directed one of them to proceed to the spot next day, for the purpose of flaying the horse, and bringing away the skin and shoes. The lad of course obeyed his instructions, and was busily engaged when his senior master, who had also been at market, but who preferred travelling in daylight, passed the spot, and on hearing some noise, paused, and looked into the ravine below. On recognising through the branches one of his own men, he called out, "Is that you, Benjie?" "Ay, it's just me, maister." "An' what are you doing there?" "On, juist skinnin' the pony, sir." "What pony?" "Maister George's," that tumbled down last night, and broke its neck." "Ay, indeed, and can ye tell me wha's skinnin' George?"

#### A GARLAND OF FLOWERS.

1. What nature is prone to, and a chief ingredient in a lake?
2. Night's opposite and the main ocean?
3. The name of a Virgin and the miser's idol?
4. Righteous and valuable timber?
5. A flower of Venice and a queen of England?
6. An old tale and a jingling harmony?
7. The antagonist of bitter and conqueror of England?
8. An insect produce and a nurse's employ?
9. A bright object and a city in Asia?
10. The Emperor Domitian's nickname?
11. The second person in Latin and the seat of salvation?
12. Vain youth?
13. Merchants' wealth?
14. The writer of a grammar?
15. Harlequin's mistress?
16. A Dutch mastiff and a lady's lappet-head?
17. What will stay for no man?
18. A terrestrial ball and the arms of Scotland?
19. Emblem of sleep from Holland?
20. Frugality?
21. What lies low, flies high, and what adds speed to a horse?
22. Fireworks?
23. A beautiful colour?
24. The Goddess of Beauty and the ladies' delight?
25. The wonder of an American province?
26. A famous astrologer and the bottom of a hill?
27. An instrument of music and the beginning of eternity?
28. A fine bird and the organ of sight?
29. A part of the grand signior's dress?
30. The folly of a great city?
31. A very short person and a government security?
32. The support of a dairy and a false step?
33. The half of a junket and a part of a goose?
34. A game of cards and a stately tree?
35. A cold season and a strong prison?
36. A flaming colour and a good imitation in a picture?
37. The sons of a king and the plumes of a bird?
38. A bacchanalian's delight and the pride of a garden?
39. The peculiarity of sugar and the grand signior?
40. A dangerous place at sea and a Latin conjunction?
41. What a lady should never be in, and the dust of a mill?
42. One of the chief amusements of a pantomime?
43. Bitter's antagonist and the seat of salvation?

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